

It must not be with this.

*Cas.* You praise your selfe, by laying defects of iudgement to me; but you patch vp your excuses.

*Anth.* Not so, not so:

I know you could not lacke, I am certaine on't, Very necessity of this thought, that I Your Partner in the cause gainst which he fought, Could not with gracefull eyes attend those Warres Which fronted mine owne peace. As for my wife, I would you had her spirit, in such another, The third oth' world is yours, which with a Snaffle, You may pace easie, but not such a wife.

*Enobar.* Would we had all such wiues, that the men might go to Warres with the women.

*Anth.* So much vncurable, her Garboiles (*Cesar*) Made out of her impatience: which not wanted Shrodenesse of policie to: I greewing grant, Did you too much disquiet, for that you must, But say I could not helpe it.

*Cesar.* I wrote to you, when rioting in Alexandria you Did pocker vp my Letters: and with taunts Did gibe my Misue out of audience.

*Ant.* Sir, he fell vpon me, ere admitted, then: Three Kings I had newly feasted, and did want Of what I was i'th morning: but next day I told him of my selfe, which was as much As to haue askt him pardon. Let this Fellow Be nothing of our strife: if we contend Out of our question wipe him.

*Cesar.* You haue broken the Article of your oath, which you shall neuer haue tongue to charge me with.

*Lep.* Soft *Cesar*.

*Ant.* No *Lepidus*, let him speake, The Honour is Sacred which he talks on nows, Supposing that I lackt it: but on *Cesar*, The Article of my oath.

*Cesar.* To lend me Aimes, and aide when I requir'd them, the which you both denied.

*Anth.* Neglected rather:

And then when poysoned houres had bound me vp From mine owne knowledge, as neerely as I may, He play the penitent to you. But mine honesty, Shall not make poore my greatnesse, nor my power Worke without it. Truth is, that *Fulvia*, To haue me out of Egypt, made Warres heere, For which my selfe, the ignorant motiue, do So farre aske pardon, as befits mine Honour To stoop in such a case.

*Lep.* 'Tis Noble spoken.

*Meca.* If it might please you, to enforce no further The griefes betweene ye: to forget them quite, Were to remember: that the present neede, Speakes to atone you.

*Lep.* Worthily spoken *Mecenas*.

*Enobar.* Or if you borrow one anothers Loue for the instant, you may when you heare no more words of *Pompey* returne it againe: you shall haue time to wrangle in, when you haue nothing else to do.

*Anth.* Thou art a Souldier, onely speake no more.

*Enob.* That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot.

*Anth.* You wrong this presence, therefore speake no more.

*Enob.* Go too then: your Considerate stone.

*Cesar.* I do not much dislike the matter, but The manner of his speech: for't cannot be,

We shall remaine in friendship, our conditions So differing in their acts. Yet if I knew, What Hoop should hold vs staunch from edge to edge At h' world: I would pursue it.

*Agri.* Giue me leaue *Cesar*.

*Cesar.* Speake *Agrippa*.

*Agri.* Thou hast a Sister by the Mothers side, admir'd *Ostania*: Great *Mark Anthony* is now a widdower. *Cesar* Say not, say *Agrippa*: if *Cleopater* heard you, your prooue were well deserued of rashnesse.

*Anth.* I am not married *Cesar*: let me heere *Agrippa* further speake.

*Agri.* To hold you in perpetuall amitie, To make you Brothers, and to knit your hearts With an vn-shipping knot, take *Anthony*, *Ostania* to his wife: whose beauty claimes No worse a husband then the best of men: whose Vertue, and whose generall graces, speake That which none else can viter. By this marriage, All little Ielousies which now seeme great, And all great feares, which now import their dangers, Would then be nothing. Truth's would be tales, Where now halfe tales be truth's: her loue to both, Would each to other, and all loues to both Draw after her. Pardon what I haue spoke, For 'tis a studied not a present thought, By duty ruminated.

*Anth.* Will *Cesar* speake?

*Cesar.* Not till he heares how *Anthony* is toucht, With what is spoke already.

*Anth.* What power is in *Agrippa*,

If I would say *Agrippa*, be it so, To make this good?

*Cesar.* The power of *Cesar*, And his power, vnto *Ostania*.

*Anth.* May I neuer

(To this good purpose, that so fairely shewes) Dreame of impediment: let me haue thy hand Further this act of Grace: and from this houre, The heart of Brothers gouerne in our Loues, And sway our great Designs.

*Cesar.* There's my hand:

A Sister I bequeath you, whom no Brother Did euer loue so deere. Let her liue To ioyne our kingdomes, and our hearts, and neuer Flie off our Loues againe.

*Lep.* Happily, Amen.

*Ant.* I did not think to draw my Sword gainst *Pompey*, For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great Of late vpon me. I must thanke him onely, Least my remembrance, suffer ill report: At heele of that, desie him.

*Lep.* Time calls vpon's,

Of vs must *Pompey* presently be sought, Or else he seekes out vs.

*Anth.* Where lies he?

*Cesar.* About the Mount *Mesara*.

*Anth.* What is his strength by land?

*Cesar.* Great, and encreasing:

But by Sea he is an absolute Master.

*Anth.* So is the Fame,

Would we had spoke together. Hast we for it, Yet ere we put our selues in Armes, dispatch we The businesse we haue talkt of.

*Cesar.* With most gladnesse, And do inuite you to my Sisters view,

Whe-

Whether straight he lead you.

*Anth.* Let vs *Lepidus* not lacke your companie.

*Lep.* Noble *Anthony*, not sicknesse should detain me.

*Flourish.* Exit omnes.

*Manet Enobarbus, Agrippa, Mecenas.*

*Mec.* Welcome from Egypt Sir.

*Eno.* Halfe the heart of *Cesar*, worthy *Mecenas*. My honourable Friend *Agrippa*.

*Agri.* Good *Enobarbus*.

*Meca.* We haue cause to be glad, that matters are so well disgested: you said well by't in Egypt.

*Enob.* I Sir, we did sleepe day out of countenance: and made the night light with drinking.

*Meca.* Eight Wilde-Boares roasted whole at a breakfast: and but twelue persons there. Is this true?

*Eno.* This was but as a Flye by an Eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of Feast, which worthily deserued noting.

*Mecenas.* She's a most triumphant Lady, if report be square to her.

*Enob.* When she first met *Mark Anthony*, she purst vp his heart vpon the Riuer of *Sidnis*.

*Agri.* There she appear'd indeed: or my reporter deuils'd well for her.

*Eno.* I will tell you,

The Barge she sat in, like a burnisht Throne Burnt on the water: the Poop was beaten Gold, Purple the Sables: and so perfumed that The Windes were Loue-sicke.

With them the Owers were Silver, Which to the tune of Flutes kept stroke, and made The water which they beare, to follow faster;

As amorous of their strokes. For her owne person, It beggerd all description, she did lye

In her Pauillion, cloth of Gold, of Tissue, O're-picturing that *Venus*, where we see

The fancie out-worke Nature. On each side her, Stood pretty Dimpled Boyes, like smiling Cupids,

With diuers colour'd Fannes whose winde did seeme, To gloue the delicate cheekes which they did coole,

And what they vndid did.

*Agrip.* Oh rare for *Anthony*.

*Eno.* Her Gentlewoman, like the *Nereides*, So many Mer-maides tended her i'th' eyes,

And made their bends adornings. At the Helme. A seeming Mer-maide steeres: The Silken Tackle,

Swell with the touches of those Flower-soft hands, That yarely frame the office. From the Barge

A strange inuisible perfume hits the sense Of the adiacent Wharfes. The Citty cast

Her people out vpon her: and *Anthony* Enthron'd i'th' Market-place, did sit alone,

Whistling to'th' ayre: which but for vacancie, Had gone to gaze on *Cleopater* too,

And made a gap in Nature.

*Agri.* Rare Egyptian.

*Eno.* Vpon her landing, *Anthony* sent to her, Inuitd her to Supper: she replied,

It should be better, he became her guest: Which she entreated, our Courteous *Anthony*,

Whom nere the word of no woman hard speake, Being barber'd ten times o're, goes to the Feast;

And for his ordinary, paises his heart, For what his eyes eate onely.

*Agri.* Royall Wench:

She made great *Cesar* lay his Sword to bed, He ploughed her, and she cropt.

*Eno.* I saw her once

Hop forty Paces through the publicke streete, And hauing lost her breath, she spoke, and panted, That she did make defect, perfection, And breathlesse powre breath forth.

*Meca.* Now *Anthony*, must leaue her vterly.

*Eno.* Neuer he will not:

Age cannot wither her, nor custome stale Her infinite variety: other women cloy The appetites they feede, but she makes hungry, Where most she satisfies. For vildest things Become themselves in her, that the holy Priests Blesse her, when she is Riggith.

*Meca.* If Beauty, Wit, Modesty, can sett le The heart of *Anthony*: *Ostania* is A blessed Lottery to him.

*Agrip.* Let vs go. Good *Enobarbus*, make your selfe my guest, whilst you abide heere.

*Eno.* Humbly Sir I thanke you.

Exeunt

Enter *Anthony*, *Cesar*, *Ostania* betwene them.

*Anth.* The world, and my great office, will Sometimes deuide me from your bolome.

*Osta.* All which time, before the Gods my knee shall bowe my prayers to them for you.

*Anth.* Goodnight Sir. My *Ostania*

Read not my blemishes in the worlds report:

I haue not kept my square, but that to come Shall all be done by'th' Rule: good night deere Lady: Good night Sir.

*Cesar.* Goodnight.

Exit.

Enter *Soothsaier*.

*Anth.* Now Sirrah: you do wish your selfe in Egypt? *Sooth.* Would I had neuer come from thence, nor you thither.

*Ant.* If you can, your reason?

*Sooth.* I see it in my motion: haue it not in my tongue, But yet hee you to Egypt againe.

*Anth.* Say to me, whole Fortunes shall rise higher *Cesars* or mine?

*Soot.* *Cesars*. Therefore (oh *Anthony*) stay not by his side Thy Dæmon that thy spirit which keepees thee, is Noble, Couragious, high vnmarchable; Where *Cesars* is not. But neere him, thy Angell Becomes a feare: as being o're-pow'd, therefore Make space enough betweene you.

*Anth.* Speake this no more.

*Sooth.* To none but thee no more but: when to thee, If thou dost play with him at any game, Thou art sure to loose: And of that Nostrall lucke, He beates thee gainst the oddes. Thy Lustre thickens, When he shines by: I say againe, thy spirit Is all afraid to gouerne thee neere him: But he alway's Noble.

*Anth.* Get thee gone:

Say to *Ventigius* I would speake with him.

Exit.

He shall to *Parthia*, be it Art or hap,

He hath spoken true. The very Dice obey him,

And in our sports my better cunning faints,

Vnder his chance, if we draw lots he speeds,

His Cocks do winne the Battaille, still of mine,

When it is all to naught: and his Quails euer

Beate mine (in hoop) at odd's. I will to Egypte:

And